AN AFRICAN QUEEN.

A Weman Ruler Living in Savage Splendor on the Banks of the Zambesi.

The position of women in Africa is as degraded as in most other savage lands and life is a round of hard, unrequited toil to the weakis a round of hard, unrequired to be to weak er sex in nearly all parts of the continent. Here and there however is a native Queen who has absolute influence over her people and who surrounds herself with as much pomp and circumstance as her position permits. Mr. Coillard, the French Protestant missionary who saved the life of Serpa Pinto during that traveller's trip across the continent, has sent home a few facts about a picturesque female who holds away over the savage Barotse on the

upper Zambesi. One day recently Queen Mokuae went on an excursion to the tombs of her fathers. She was expected to return to her chief town two or three days later, and on the appointed day everybody was alert to hear the first sound announcing the approach of the royal party. Suddenly the measured beat of drums was faintly heard. "She is coming. The Queen is coming." the cry went through the town, and coming," the cry went through the town, and several thousand men, women and children lined the bank of the broad Zambesi and gazed down the watery expanse. The sound of the druns grew louder and soon the royal barge and the attending fleet came into view.

Under a pavilion made of gaudily-colored native mats sat the Queen, in full view of her subjects. Forty paddlers swiftly propelled her great cance up the stream. As she came opposite the town the women and girls, who were ranged in line on shore, began to intone a chant, which struck Mr. Cofilard as full of weird beauty. It recited the praises of Queen Mokune, At last the prow of the Queen's barge struck the shore, and the crowds of men who lined the way from the river's edge to the Queen's mansion, instantly dropped on their knees and began to the drums.

The Queen stepped out of her barge. She

from the river's edge to the Queen's mansion, instantly dropped on their knees and began to clap their hands, keeping time to the beat of the drums.

The Queen stepped out of her barge. She was in gala dress for the occasion. Over her shoulders she wore a brightly colored Indian robe. Several strings of beads and ornaments of ivory eneircied her neek, and large white pearls were arranged with care in her hair. She saluted the white man with a wave of her hand, but appeared to pay no attention to her subjects. A procession was instantly formed with the native band at its head. The musicians were suspended from their neeks the instruments known as serimbas, which are long gourds, on which are strung cords of different lengths which give a variety of sounds when struck with drumsticks. As the procession started the musicians struck up and did not cease playing until the Queen withdrew into her apartments. Behind the band walked the Queen, and at considerable distance behind her the royal suite and the oarsmen of her fleet. As they passed along the populace fell into line, and so the long procession marched until they reached the Queen's abode. Then the master of ceremonles spread on the ground a lion's skin, on which the Queen's abode, they are along the struck of the proposed themselves in line before the Queen, lifted their hands toward the sky, crying "Loche! Loche!" and then prostrated themselves in the dust. Next, the boatmen went through the same ceremony, and then the populace, in detachments, paid their respects to their ruler in the same manner: after them the visitors in the village, and finally Mr. Colllard's own boatmen. Then the Queen disappeared within her house, and soon after, surrounded by her young women, gave an audience to the white man.

She had a wheezy accordion, over whose keys she ran her fingers with surprising agility, and she played a curious medley of savage nirs. She was very proud of her musical accomplishments, which, however, did not greatly impress her visitor. Mr. Coillard has be

WOMAN AGAINST MAN.

And, as a Matter of Course, the Woman Won She Usually Does in Such Cases.

From the Chicago Herald. An honest German resident of one of the eastern streets boarded a street car with a ge basket of marketing, and rode comfortably to Broadway, sole occupant. When she reached the side door of a well-known dry goods store the vehicle came only partially to a halt for a stylish young woman, who sprang with the gameness of a newsboy upon the rear platform. The car went across Broadway with a bounce and struck the crowded German settlement that begins at Second avenue. The market woman surveyed the richly apparelled passenger, and thought she had never seen anything so lovely as that glistening jet hat, from which rose the majestic tail feathers of some ornithological monstrosity. "Mein gracious." mused she, "dns ist hertlich," and she inspected the marvellous massementerie that adorned the lady's skirt. All this while the object of the old woman's admiration was studying with anxious eyes the rear of the car, from which she could see a light wagon cautiously following, first at one side the track and then the other, going slowly as the car slacked, and increasing its speed as it put on more steam. Evidently the movements of this wagon gave the lady great uneasiness. But once, as she withheld her gaze from the fascinating pursuer, it rested on the woman opposite. She took in the huge basket, the clumsy bonnet, the wide-checked blue apron, and the high-colored plaid wool shawl on the shoulders of the matron, and her resolve was taken.

"My dear woman," said she, in hurried tones. "will you do me a great favor? Will you help me out of some trouble?" The German housewife looked suspiciously at the fine hady. "I want to get out of the car without that man in that carriage seeing me."

"Yell, get oud," responded the other stelidly. "I want you to change things with me. Give me that hat you have on, and your take mine. Will you change?"

"Yell, et will," exclaimed the woman.

"And your shawl, and your big apron, and your basket."

Thought the German woman, "I'm with a lunatic asylum." but she joyfuly acceeded the vehicle came only partially to a halt for a stylish young woman, who sprang with the

Will you change?"
"Ya, leh will," exclaimed the woman.
"And your shawl, and your big apron, and your basket."
Thought the German woman, "I'm with a lunatic asylum," but she joyfully accoded.
"Stoop your head," directed the lady, "and take your hat off." The two made a hasty exchange. "Now keep your face toward the door, so that the bright bud will show." The wrap was passed along and the gay plaid shawl soon enveloped the shoulders of the lady, the big light apron almost concealed the rich silk dress, and hastily piling the bundles from the basket upon the seat beside the gayly decked market woman, our young lady thrust a dollar into her hand "to buy another basket." She pulled the strap at Avenue A. the "Dutch Broadway," and out she climbed. The big bonnet shielded her face, the little shawl covered her sheilded her steep was resulted a struck the exodus of the market woman. Then his road was easy. The splendid bird sat like a beacon light above the glistening jet red wrap that covered the shoulders of his "spotted" lady in the car. To that carefully watched warty he kept his eyes fastened, and as the car stopped another block down, he halted and waited further developments.

The lady he was shadowing got out, laden with bundles. Our friend in the buggy grew astendshed. Once on the sidewalk instead of a slender, graceful figure he belieful a clumsy old woman, on whose frowsy head was set the fata) pinmed hat of his suspected wife. He gave his horse a cut and ianded beside the woman. "How did you come by this wrap and that hat?" he asked.

"A fine lady changed mit me. She vas in trubbles. I dink you vas de trubbles."

"And it was she

Prof. Ivan the London Bully News.

Prof. Ivan Dityatin has been expelled from the Klarkoff University. He has for sume years occupied the chair of inselar law there, and is a man of distributed liberry and scenarific attainments. For items years be has been a constant contributor to the Russian inselfe. a Moseow daily paper, and to Russian Thought, a mouthly review. These are both Liberal organs, or at least supposed to be Liberal at heart, and herein probably lies the glat of the trampery charge against Prof. Bityatin.

A few days ago a domicillary police visit was made to his private residence, which led to nothing. A second domicillary visit was therefore ordered, and this time the officers were charged estensibly to search the Professor's cellars for dynamite. The pretext was insulting and preposections but it sufficed. Bynamics or no dynamics a unan whose cellars were searched for such a marderops commodity, no matter if on absolutely un-From the London Daily News.

there said of the Professor's friends availed for only the iniversalies but all scholasies of the every find in Russia are now closed only in the said of the city for a long time. They wait for ments of every find in Russia since the city for a long time. They wait for the and legal rights are now covered only by the and legal rights are now covered only by the first of them, and very often miss their shaving day random and legal rights are now covered only by the first of a passport. From what I learn on the highest passport. From what I learn on the highest passport is about as big a crank on the subject of barbers and truscom as you can imagine.

That's What the Women's Anthropological

Society Mas Set Out to Do. From the Omaha Herald.

Little Dorothy Whitpoy asleep in her perambulator, a June rose elitched fast in one fat little hand, suggests a chances to meet the young woman who woke one morning and found herself famous rolling comfortably through a shady wark of Central Fark, conversely the converse of the found in the study has taken in Washington, and the number of Senators wives and other women interested in it, gives any small hold the number of Senators wives and other women interested in it, gives any small hold the number of Senators. The matter is becoming a live one in New York also, and the buby assumes importance.

Physically considered, his royal highness, and the buby assumes importance.

Physically considered, his royal highness, and the buby assumes importance.

Physically considered, his royal highness, have required, even clamorously, a deal of attention in the past. Morally speaking, old Jonathan Edwards blackened the urchin's character to the best of his ability when he fathers. But the actual contents of the baby's brain is the unknown algebraic X which a sangulus generation aspires to write down in good Arabic figures as an established fact of The Women's Anthronological Society, whose headquarters are at 1,100 M, street, M. Washington, and which has taken the matter vigorously in hand, counts Mrs. Feller, Mrs. Plorence Spofford among its active members, Baby Cameron, now a line, lively little girl, is one of the capital children whose mothers have lived to the inflant asylum, who has something over eighty children in her care, is recording their development, Marton Hardand's grandchildren, the three little down the control of the little of the capital children whose mothers have one of the anthropological Society, missenselved the mother of the surface of the Anthropological Society, missenselved the surface of the Anthropological Society in the condition of the surface of the capital solution of

the character of its food, average hours of sleep in twenty-four; its babyish allments, if any. For an older child the age at which it entered school, the character of its exercise, its plays and playthings; any artistic capacity; the state of its memory, retentive or not. The baby's height is to be taken by placing it on its back, standing a book against head and feet, and measuring the distance between. For a child the height is taken with bare feet standing against the wall, with a light book across the head. Sight is tested by reading types of given sizes at given distances; hearing by the distance in feet the ticking of a watch can be heard; knowledge of colors by skeins of worsted.

HAIR OIL AND HAIR DYE. Very Few Men Use Them Nowadays-Gray Hair Rather Fashionable.

From the Washington Star.

Hair Rather Fashlenable.

From the Washington Star.

"Very few men want oil on their hair nowadays," said a barber to a Star reporter. "A fow years ago the man who didn't use hair oil was the exception: now the man who does use it is the exception: Of course we are glad of the change in taste, for it is money in our pockets. Five years ago I had to have a fresh supply of oil twice a week; now the same quantity will last me a month."

"How about dyeing the hair and beard?" the reporter asked.

"There has been a greater falling off in the use of dye than in the use of hair oil, "the barber continued." A few years ago there was a large class of gay old fellows who dyed their hair and whiskers almost as regularly as they shaved. Most of these men were more or less inclined to be sports or beaus, and always wanted to look as young as possible. Others, however, were respectable and steady-going citizens and business men, who gave in to their vanity enough to want to keep looking young. There was a large class of out-and-out gamblers and sharpers, who seemed to have an idea it was out of keeping with their profession to have anything but jet black whiskers and moustaches. So that nearly all gamblers or 's ports' who had red or sandy hair on their face, or on their head, for that matter, used to have it dyed regularly as black as they could get it. A fow of these are still around town. It's easy enough to tell them, because their eyebrows don't match the rest of the hair on their face, which, contrary to the traditions of the craft, seemed to show signs of drying up.

"No, indeed. When a man comes along now and asks to have his moustache or hair dyed he usually catches us unprepared, and if we have any dye on hand at all it generally takes a good while to hunt it up and get the bottle dusted off. I think we have only one regular customer in that line now, and he isn't an old man, either, he is a young fellow whose half is black, or nearly black, while his eyebrows and beard are anouth. When a great and present of a sug

LAGER REER A TEMPERANCE DRINK. Also Several Other Proposed Constitutional Changes in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, June 11 .- Both parties are sternly in earnest in their preparations for next week's legislative struggle over the Constitutional Convention bill and other important questions. So far, the Democratic majority in the House has been held together by persistent whipping in. Had the ballots for Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary of State been secret, it is comparatively certain that the Republican candidates for those offices would have been elected, but the methods followed pre-vented any attempt at secresy, and compelled very Democrat either to vote for or to publiely ignore his party candidate. For instance, the Democratic ballots for Lieutenant-Gov-ernor were black on one side and on the other the name of the candidate occupied the entire space of the ballot, leaving no room whatever for scratching. Each member's name was called, and, as he stood up to offer his ballot, there could be no mistaking whether

The control of the studies of the st high society people, every one dances with every one else, without introduction. Approve of it? Of course I don't. Do you think I would wish my daughters to be addressed by any stranger who happened to take a fancy to them? Another thing which startles us is the cordial reception accorded to negroes. Why, in a large ball at any of the various European reserts, you will see men of all colors, from a jet black down to a pale yellow, waitzing with the young ladies, chatting and flirting with the young ladies, chatting and flirting with them, in fact, quite as well received as any one else. Of course there is no reason why they should not be if they behave themselves; but all the same, it does grate on the feelings of an American to see a pretty girl whirling about in the arms of a thick-lipped African."

"Do you think that they waltz in Europe as we do?" I asked.

"Decidedly not," he replied, "They do not reverse, for instance, but go spinning around with a perfectly flat motion, like a top. It is a mystery how they can keep it up so long without falling. Of course, too, this style of waitzing makes it quite impossible to avoid constant collisions. I remember an annusing sight at Wiesbaden two summers ago. A gentleman and lady, both Americans, were taking part in one of the grand balls, and were waitzing as we always do at home. Well, the Germans all around them finally began to get annoyed at the clever way in which they would shoot in and out through the crowd, and at last several couples tried to push into them. However, at each attempt of this kind, the gentleman would skilfully change his direction and avoid the encounter. I never laughed more heartily, and I assure you the Americans were not touched once. Oh, our superiority in the waitz is very generally admitted, even in Europe. I heard an interesting story illustrating this only a few weeks ago. It was on the occasion of a splendid ball given in Athens, at the King's palace. An American couple were on the floor, and, both being passionately fond of a wait A Woman Forces a Man to Apologize. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

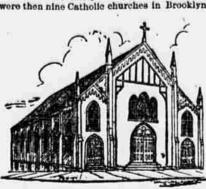
Pron the Louisville Courier Journal.

Miss Mary Childress, a pretty school teacher, resides at Trenton, i.a. Three weeks any sice heard that a young man named John Mootors had been circulating and remove teamers about a little time, and at the mitizle of a shotgun forced her traducer to apologica. This done, she published Mogors as an infamous scoundered and traducer of womanly virtue, and that his parents had descended from the whipping posts of South Carolina. When Mogors say this he sent Miss Childress a challenge to fight and the little woman went to the spot to meet Mogors, but he did not come to time. From the Yakima Signat. From the Yakima Signal.

The Indians residing on the Yakima Reservations below the gap held one of their pumpains or takimaining dances in their medicine house similar late. The dence and accompanying using the small stirll and is application for the purpose of provinciating the small stirll and is application for a bountful much things a stirll and. The logic a low structure above the contraction. The take my first drive in the tall and beautiful women there in one afternoon than I have seen during the whole ten weeks of my stay abroad. Yes, there is no doubt of it the ladies in the select society of Fifth avenue have a beauty of face and a grace in the dance which all the world my envy them.

ANOTHER CHURCH FOR BROOKLYN Bishop Loughlin to Dedicate the Church of St. Francis Xavier To-day.

Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn will dedicate the new church of St. Francis Xavier in Carroll street and Sixth avenue this morning. This is the fifty-second Roman Catholic church which has been opened in Brooklyn since St. James's was erected in 1823, and the forty-third which has been dedicated within the city limits since Bishop Loughlin took charge of the Long Island diocese thirty-four years ago. There





it will be adopted is not doubted. Most of the saloon keepers thought at first that if they "laid low" during the Attorney-General's visit they would have no trouble in resuming operations as soon as he left town. The announcement that a State police would be left to remind them of Bradford's visit threw them into a panic, and no one now knows what to do.

A report got out last night that the Attorney-General had enlisted all the killers in the West to serve here as policemen, and until the rumor was officially denied it looked in some places as though there would be a riot. One man had it that Doe Holliday, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Shorty Hayes, Shotgun Collins, Luke Short, Tax Barker, and Bill Lump were conling, and another said he had seen two or three of these worthles down the road with big tin stars on. This hurt the feelings of several old citizens, who said that they would sell their lives as denriy as possible, and got down their guns. When Gen. Bradford heard of what was in the air he issued an authoritative denial that toughs were to be imported, and explained that the reports to that effect probably originated in the brain of some dealer in contraband whiskey who wished to inflame the masses.

The excitement and apprehension attendant upon the presence of the Attorney-General here are not diminished in the least by the fact that several prominent men from Dodge City, Abilene, and other border towns are also in the city getting pointers. These gentlemen own or manage hotels, restaurants, saloons, and dance houses, and have a large supply of good liquer in their carpet sacks for private use. They are amazed at the submissiveness of their Wichita brethren, and say that they never saw anything like it exceed once, and that was when the cowboys "took" Dodge City, deposed the city government, and ran things to suit themselves for a week or two. They anticipate a visit from the Attorney-General, and they came over here for the purpose of gaining useful information as to the best method of dealing with hi

Prom the San Francisco Chronicle.

A lotter from New Bedford was received yesterday in this city by an old whaling Capitalia, narrating the incidents of the death of "Eakimo Jos." the brave guide and interpreter who served with meny of the Arctic expeditions. The news was taken to New London by Capit. Spicer. It appears that tast autumn Joe and three other men left their camp at Cape Jalebert in a whale-heat with deer ment to trade with some whaling vessels anchored off Marbio Island, Hudson's Nay. No tidinus have ever been received of the boat or her socupants, and the cononiston reached by the whaling captains is that she was less in a scale that prevailed about the time. Joe a career was eveniful. He served with Capt. Hall. With has wife, Hannach, the sir John Franklin search, with which the same that the wife thanks to the London with Isla, bought some land at Groton, Conn., built a house, and lived there for some time. He was in England in 1875 with Capt. Allen Young, and went to the Arctic seas in the Pandora. Puring his absence his wife and adopted chied died, and Joe, in 1978, accompanied Lieut. Schwatta on this sled journeys to King William's Land He spoke English remarkably well. Headers of Arctic literature will remember the acts of heroism and denial narrated about Joe, and his loss is mourned by the whaling fleet that frequent the Hudson's Bay Shing grounds.

Death of a Great Tiger Slayer.

there along the Lebreral before known as the Parsec Tucer slayer has just died in a Bombar hospital from the effects of a manthing by a cheetab a month ago. His calling that of Forest Inspector in the Shansda State gave him frequent opportunities of gratifying his strong and for a modern representative of his race, exceptional sporting precipities, and there are probably few living shifteries who have a better record. His friends say that he shot altogether a hundred tigers, nor do I think that the cellinate is a very exaggerated one.

JOSEPHINE M. ROSA'S DEATH.

UNDER WATER.

From the New Orleans Pimes Democ

Locktender Day Sees His Son Stab the Woman to Death. Diver No. 1 of New York Tells of the Risks UTICA, June 10 .- For about four months "Did I ever see a dead man sitting in a chair in a stateroom and bending over a book as though he had been reading when he was drowned? Never. Nor has any other diver, I ve been in sunken steamers that were Hamburg steamer Cimbria, which went down in the North Sea some five yoars ago, with 500 enigrants. I and two other divers from here, who were sent for to help in getting out the cargo, literally worked among hundreds of corpses, A diver working a vessel for corpses feels for them along the cellings if the wreck is older than a counde of days. I he goes into the land the control of the cellings if the wreck is older than a counder of days. I he goes into the land of the cellings if the wreck is older than a counder of the cellings. That's where the corressaire; not in chairs."

"Why did they send away over here for divers to go down into the Cimbria?"

"Because Now York divers are on the top of the heng. The roason is that most of their work is done in the dark; for it's pitch dark under the water around New York. I suppose it's on account of the sewage. A down from your york. But a New York diver can work in the clear waters elsewhere twice as fast as the clear divers, because his sense of touch—sense of touch—sense of touch—sense of touch work of the work of the work of the work and the work of the conditions of the sewage. A divertised we were them. Here, for instance, the work of the conditions of the sewage is sense of touch—sense of touch and the conditions of the sewage. A divertised to the conditions of the sewage is sense of touch—sense of the conditions of t Clement Arthur Day, the son of Charles C. Day, tender of Lock 66 on the Black River Canal, in the town of Boonville, has been living with a young woman named Josephine M. Rosa, whose home was in Coonradt, a small village in the town of Rome. They became acquainted last winter, and formed a mutual liking for each other at once. On leaving the young woman's home in Coonradt they

rant business. They had a warrant for me for seduction from Rome. I didn't care anything about the warrant. It was this trouble that bothered me. I am telling you the facts of the case, because I want you to know things just as they are; not because I am simple.

"I thought everything of this woman. We talked our trouble all over this morning, and she was going to Rome to-morrow to see her and settle the matter. She was kinder downhearted, and wanted to get a bill of divorce from the man she was married to. People thought we were married, and I told her to let them think so. The people raised an awful row all along the line of the canal because we lived together. The way I got acquainted with Josie was that I was doing team work for Tyler and stopped there at the house. She has been with me since the latter part of February. There's a rope down at the lock house, and I calculated to tit the rope around my neck and jump into the canal. Josie and I had a bottle of laudanum, and had made upour minds to take it, but couldn't find it to-day. She didn't want to live, and I made up my mind that I'd rather did than live without her. We have talked the matter over ever since I heard the warrant was out. The old lady (Mrs. Rosa) was bound that the girl should go and live with a man named Emory. Josie said a hundrod times that she had rather be dead than go back and live with her mother."

The murdered woman was about 30 years of age and quite good looking.

GIRLS, CONTROL FOUR TEMPERS.

GIRLS, CONTROL YOUR TEMPERS. A Bride who Became so Angry that she Went Insane.

Prom the City of Mexico Peo Republics.

One of the prettiest girls of Zacatecas, belonging to one of the best families in the State, has just been admitted to the insane asylum in that city, a hopeless maniae. Born the daughter of wealthy parents, an only child, she was indulged in everything, and in consequence her naturally sweet disposition was thoroughly spoiled, and whenever an attempt was made to cross her wishes she had the most frightful outbursts of temper, which always ended in all around her yielding and allowing her to carry her point. On the 4th of March of the present year she was married to a wealthy young haciendada whose extensive place is iocated near Zacatecas. The wedding was a grand affair, and the young couple started life together with the brightest possible prospects. Soon after marriage, however, there arose slight disputes between husband and wife, which ended, as had been the case all through the girl's life, in her favor, the husband, a high-spirited man, yielding invariably before her awful fits of violence. This finally, however, became unendurable to the young married man, and he determined to break his wife frightful temper and assert his manhood, trusting that they would live more happily together in the end.

So upon the next occasion when there arose a difference of opinion on some triffing matter he remained firm and utterly refused to yield his point. His wife stormed and flew into a perfect storm of passion, but he remained unmoved, and finally when the exhibition of temper was assuming a phase where the young woman commenced breaking the breakfast dishes-they were at their morning meal when the trouble arose—in the impotency of her wrath, he clutched her tightly by the arm and in a rough tone insisted that she should quiet down. She gave him one awful look; then with a wild shriek she fore herself from his grip, and, moving away a few steps, foil to the ground foaming at the mouth. Medleai sid was at once summoned, her weak and the people gathered about her bed, and with a From the City of Mexico Two Republics.

Bad Outlook for Miss McFilmsey. "Do you think, young man," he said, "that you will be able to take care of my daughter. Flora, in the style to which she has always been accustomed "" "I think so, str." answered the young man confiden-ly. "Be refused to go to the picult with me last week because she said she had 'nothing to wear."

CALIFORNIA AND KENTUCKY RACERS An Monest Californian Thinks that the Blue Grass Horses are the Best.

Crass Herees are the Best.

Prom the Globe-Democrat.

Charles Brothers of San José, Cal., in speaking of the different breeding sections of the country for race how consists a reporter; Cal State. The absence of severe winters, the exhibitanting climate, and the possibility of open-air exercise on every day of the year are most advantageous for bringing out all that there is in a horse. There is little danger of colds, and fewer horses go amiss from this cause in California than in any other State. To these natural advantages our millionaire stock breeders have added all that wealth can do to produce the finest breed of horses in the world. The flacet New York and Kentucky stock farms are as nothing when compared with Stanford's Palo Alto ranch, and Haggins and Baldwin have places scarcely interior. The best trainers are employed, the finest horses bought, and no expense is spared.

"And yet an unprojudiced man must admit that the best of our borses are decision?" Position of the second generation is seddom good enough for recing purposes. The reason for this is that we have nothing in California that can build up bone like the Kentucky blue grass. California has no turk, properly so called, as each blade of grass stands independent and alone, and seems to contain a much smaller amount of nutrition than the splendid grass of Kentucky and parts of Tennessee. Our horses are often very speedy, but generally lack bone and stamina, and it is a rare thing for them to last long on the track. Most of our races have been won with Kentucky and Tennessee stock, transplanted to California, and cur native horses have done but little when light, traffic and the rack. Most of our races have been won with Kentucky and Tennessee continued, "the thoroughbod man must appear to the rough half-bred mustann a quarter race, from a standing start, the mustang nearly always beats the thoroughbred. The latter takes some time to start, while the former is at full speed at the second jump, and in a quarter of a mile the superior stretch o williage in the Optom of Rome. The word as mutual the Common of the Property o

Father J. R. Maurel, Nr. E. H. Frait of Leavenworth, Ransas, and Miss Eugenia Ozanne of Van Buren.

"I was so shocked and grieved," continued Seifert, "that at first I knew not what to do, Finally I told her that my dream was ever, and that when a girl of 17 had so deceived me for months I could not again trust her. She tried twice to throw her arms around my neck, but I pushed her away. I did not strike her or attempt to injure her in any way. Finding that I would not forgive her she rushed out of the room and I did not see her again. I went to look for her. After a long search I found she had hired a carriage and driven away from town. I supposed she had gone to a neighboring station to take a train for Denver. So I came on to Albuquerque and El Paso."

Last night a reporter, with Seifert's statements in his possession, called upon Mrs. Ozanne, the mother of the girl, at her rooms in Moffat & Kassler's block. She refused to read the article and became greatly agitated. She denounced the whole thing as a shameless persecution, and said that daily she was in receipt of letters from Seifert threatening herself and her daughter with ruined reputation unless she consented to send her Eugenia to him.

"Thank God, she is out of his clutches," said Mrs. Ozanne hysterically; "I have her safe from the horrid scandal of the city."

Mrs. Ozanne continued denouncing Seifert and in a distracted way asserting her daughter's innocence.

WHISKEY TASTING.

Some Surprising Averments Made by an Expert. From the Chicago Herald.

Expert.

Prom the Chicago Heraid.

"When you hear people talk about this whiskey or that being good," said an agent of a Chicago wholesale liquor house who was just returning from a trip to Kentucky, "you can say to yourself that the whiskey may be either good or bad, and that the man who drinks and smacks his lips knows nothing at ail about it. Telling good whiskey from bad is an art which few people acquire. I buy thousands of barrels of whiskey every year, and as I buy on my own independ it is not concelled in me to say that I know something about the business. In the first place, no man can be a judge of whiskey who drinks it. For two years I have tasted whiskey dozens of times a day, but in all that time I have not drunk as much as a gill. A glass of whiskey a day would destroy my usefulness. Drinking the liquor blunts the line sense of taste a whiskey expert must possess, and absolute temperance is the first essential. More than that, a man must have a fine natural taste to begin with, and must be careful what he eats or drinks. I can't eat conion, or cheese, or drink beer, or even soda water, or any highly spiced food, and retain that keen taste on which I'd be willing to base an order for lifty or one hundred barrels of whiskey. When I started in this business I spent three months educating my taste, going to the cellar three times daily and smelling of 150 casks of whiskey of different brands. At the end of that period I was taken blindfolded into that cellar, and as they rolled the barrels up to me I told them every brand simply through my offactories.

"Reputation is everything in the whiskey business. There are in the trade about one thousand brands, with about forty brands in the lead as the generally popular goods. I can tell every one of these by taste or smell, just as surely, as if I were reading the brands on the ends of the casks. The professional whiskey taster always dilutes the liquor with water, and sometimes he heats the water and whiskey together after mixing. His taste is so fine as to

A Choice of Diction.

Little Boston boy (to his big sister)—Pens-lops, which is correct, "singret" or "singret": Big Sister—They are both correct, Waido, but slessed to rather more elegants